ſome liking, I ſhall be out of heart ſhortly, & then I ſhall have no ſtrength to repent. And I have not forgotten what the inſide of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper-corne, a brewers horſe, the inſide of a Church. Company, villanous company hath been the ſpoyle of me.

Bar. *Sir Iohn*, you are ſo fretfull, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it, come, ſing me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuouſly given, as a Gentleman need to be, vertuous enough, ſwore little, dic'd not above ſeven times a weeke, went to a Bawdy houſe not above once in a quarter of an houre, paid money that I borrowed three or foure times, lived well, and in good compaſſe, and now I live out of all order, out of compaſſe.

Bar. Why, you are ſo fatte, *Sir Iohn*, that you muſt needs be out of all compaſſe: out of all reaſonable compaſſe, *Sir Iohn*.

Fal. Doe thou amend thy face. & I'le amend my life: thou art our Admirall, thou beareſt the Lanterne in the Poope, but 'tis in the Noſe of thee, thou art the King of the burning lampe.

Bar. Why, *Sir Iohn*, my face does you no harme.

Fal. No, I'le be ſworne, I make as good uſe of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I never ſee thy face, but I thinke upon hell fire, and *Dives* that lived in Purple: for there he is in his Robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way give to vertue, I would ſweare by thy face: my oath ſhould be, *By this fire, that's gods Angel*: But thou art altogether given over; & wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the Sunne of utter darkneſſe. When thou runſt up *Gads-hill* in the night, to catch my Horſe, if I did not thinke that thou hadſt been an *Ignis fatuus*, or a bal of wild-fire, there's no purchaſe in Mony. O thou art a perpetuall Triumph, and everlaſting Bone-fire-light, thou haſt ſaved me a thouſand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt Taverne & Taverne: but the Sack that thou haſt drunke me, would have bought me Lights as good cheape, of the deareſt Chandlers in *Europe*. I have maintained that Salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty yeares: God reward me for it.

Bar. Zbloud, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. God a mercy, ſo ſhould I be heart-burned.

How

How now, dame *Partlet* the Hen, have you enquired yet who pickt my pocket? *Enter Hoſteſſe.*

Hoſt. Why *Sir Iohn*, what do you think *Sir Iohn*? do you think I keepe theeves in my houſe? I have ſearcht, I have inquird, ſo haz my husband, man by man, boy by boy, ſervant by ſervant: the tight of a haire was never loſt in my houſe before.

Fal. Ye lie, Hoſteſſe, *Bardoll* was ſhav'd and loſt many haires and i'le be ſworne my pocket was pickt: goe to, you are a woman, goe.

Hoſ. Who I? I defie thee: Gods light, I was never cald ſo in mine own houſe before.

Fal. Goe to, I know you well enough.

Hoſ. No, *Sir Iohn*, you doe not know me, *Sir Iohn*; I know you *Sir Iohn*, you owe me money *Sir Iohn*, and now you picke a quarrell to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of ſhirts to your backe.

Fal. Doulas, filthy Doulas: I have given them away to Bakers wives, they have made boulters of them.

Hoſ. Now as I am a true woman, Holland of viij.s. an ell: you owe money here beſides, *Sir Iohn*, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and mony lent you, xxiiij. pound.

Falſ. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Hoſ. He? alas, he is poore, he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poore? looke upon his face: What call you rich? let them coine his Noſe, let them coine his cheekes, i'le not pay a denyer: what, will you make a younker of me? ſhall I not take mine eaſe in mine Inne, but I ſhall have my pocket pickt? I have loſt a ſeale Ring of my Grandfathers, worth forty marke.

Hoſ. O Jeſu, I have heard the *Prince* tell him, I know not how oft, that Ring was Copper.

Falſ. How? the *Prince* is a Jack, a ſneak-cap: Zbloud and he were here, I would cudgell him like a Dog, if he would ſay ſo.

Enter the Prince marching, and Falſtaffe meets him, playing on his Trunchion like a Fife,

Fal. How now Lad, is the wind in that doore yfaith? Muſt we all march?

Bar. Yea two and two; Newgate faſhion.

Hoſ. My Lord, I pray you heare me.